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A Study of *Henry Brocken*
Henry Brocken に関する一考察

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要旨

Walter de la Mare の処女小説 *Henry Brocken* は1904年に出版されたが、商業的な成功を収めたとは言えず、現在では絶版となっている。しかしながら、この小説はその後約50年間続く de la Mare の創作活動の原点とも言うべき作品であると考えられる。本稿では、*Henry Brocken* という一つの作品を様々な角度から分析しながら、de la Mare の全作品に共通する特徴やその独特の文体について、さらに、de la Mare の作品では重要な要素とみなされるimagination とjourney(または travel) の意味を考察する。

Introduction

In 1902, Walter de la Mare (1873－1956) had his first book of poems, *Songs of Childhood* published, under the pseudonym of 'Walter Ramal.' Two years later, his first novel, *Henry Brocken : His Travels and Adventures in the Rich, Strange, Scarce - Imaginable Regions of Romance* appeared. Although Francis Thompson (1859－1907), a British religious poet reviewed it in the *Academy* in 1904, *Henry Brocken* was not a great success. Today, it is out of print.

However, "for the facts are . . . that Walter de la Mare was a consistent and resolute writer, a master of the English language both in prose and poetry, and one who has delighted—and will continue to delight—generations of readers of diverse gifts, beliefs and social class." [1]

Walter de la Mare wrote five novels, about fifty short stories, about twenty books of poems, a play, anthologies and essays over more than fifty years. Among these

works, we can say that *Henry Brocken* is the starting point of his writing.

The purpose of this paper is to explore his creative power and originality, analyzing one novel, *Henry Brocken* from all points of view. Additionally, I'll consider the meanings of imagination and journey, which are the important elements in many works created by de la Mare.

I　Poetic World

Henry Brocken consists of sixteen chapters; only one of them refers to Henry Brocken himself before his journey starts.

Henry Brocken lived in an old house with his aunt who was "keen, just, seldom less than kind," [2] because he had lost his parents when he was a small child. He had experienced a lonely childhood without friends, allowed to run free and taken care of by no one. Henry Brocken has a childhood similar to those of other children who are chief or main characters in some short stories de la Mare published after the appearance of *Henry Brocken*. Arthur in "Miss Duveen" lives lonely with his grandmother who never takes care of him; Susan in"Miss Jemima" with her sick uncle and his mean housekeeper; a boy in "The Princess" with his father who lets him run free; Seaton in "Seaton's Aunt" with his aunt who he believes to be a witch. It is likely that the best friends who these children and Henry Brocken open up to completely are their own imagination and books. Left undisturbed, Henry Brocken spent half his youthful days in reading "in that low, book-walled chamber,"(p.16.) which"had been of old〔his〕uncle's library."(p.16.) To Henry Brocken, going on a long journey is equivalent to turning over the pages of books; the characters in books are not merely imaginative persons.

Consequently, it seemed clear to Henry Brocken "after long brooding and musing that however beautiful were these regions of which 〔he〕 never wearied to read, and however wild and faithful and strange and lovely the people of the books, somewhere the former must remain yet, somewhere, in immortality serene, dwell they whom so many had spent life in dreaming of, and writing about." (p.17.)

As Alice in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* opened the door which leads to a beautiful garden with a golden key, as Mary in *The Secret Garden* opened the door of the secret garden with an old and rusty key, Henry Brocken unlocked the door which leads to "regions where the wise and the imaginative and the immortal have been before him," (p.13.) with a key called imagination.

The regions refers to another space or another world. The technique of a hero embarking on a journey to another world, has been used by many writers such as Swift, Carroll and MacDonald. Some critics, including Doris Ross McCrosson, have asserted that George MacDonald (1824－1905) was a great influence on de la Mare. As Adonos, the hero of MacDonald's *Phantastes*(1858) rides a steed in his journey to fairy - land, Henry Brocken saddles his uncle's old mare, Rosinante and sets out for "distant lands." (p.17.) The journeys of both heroes are a kind of a spiritual pilgrimage.

Where Henry Brocken's starting point is vaguely described; it is, however, understood to be his uncle's library. Forrest Reid supplements the condition of Henry Brocken's departure as though it was the scene of an adventure movie:

> . . . one morning he rides out on the broad back of Rosinante in search of adventure, and that the library accompanies him. Its walls have dissolved, its shelves have disappeared, it has expanded into a mysterious country - side, but that country - side is peopled with the people of his books. [3]

The description mentioned above reminds us of MacDonald's *Lilith*(1895). Mr. Vane, the hero of *Lilith*, is a young man whose parents died when he was yet a child; while reading in the library, he sees an apparition—Mr. Raven who used to serve one of his ancestors, Sir Upward as librarian. Following Mr. Raven, Mr. Vane enters a main garret, and passes through a tall mirror, and arrives in"a wild country, broken and heathy" [4] —another world! It is the world where he "came upon a door out!" [5] Mr.Raven says to Mr. Vane, "all the doors you had yet seen —and you haven't seen many —were doors in, here you came upon a door out! . . .

the more doors you go out of, the farther you get in!" [6] Thus, both in *Henry Brocken* and *Lilith*, it is the library that leads the heroes into another strange world.

The nature of the world where Henry Brocken, Adonos, and Mr.Vane travel is one of incredibly mysterious atmosphere. In these novels, the sights are suggestive of a fairyland and, at the same time, late Victorian England. Walter de la Mare's natural depictions are more emotional than those of MacDonald. As W. H. Auden indicates, "de la Mare's descriptions of birds, beasts, and natural phenomena are always sharp and accurate, ..." [7] and in "his personal landscape, . . . there is the countryside of pre-industrial England, so beautiful in an unspectacular way, and so kindly in climate." [8] Sometimes violent storms and a rough sea are seen; as a whole, "in *Henry Brocken* nature herself is spellbound." [9]

Wherever Henry Brocken travels, it is always summer; various kinds of plants and birds are described colorfully. Most main female characters are in the beautiful or mysterious woods or gardens. "That sequestered garden" (p.26.) belonging to Jane Rochester (i.e. Jane Eyre) is in the woods; Jane and "her master, Mr. Rochester" (p.27.) have never themselves ventured far beyond the woods. One morning, Henry Brocken breaks into the enchanted woods; there he encounters Julia, Electra, Dianeme who were loved by Robert Herrick; the little stone summerhouse or arbour they lead Henry Brocken to is clustered with leaves and flowers of ivy and convolvulus. The garden of the palace where Sleeping Beauty is sleeping is still, solitary and wild; the garden has grey terraces and flowerless walks. On the other hand, the garden Criseyde leads Henry Brocken into has only faint-hued flowers: "there bloom〔s〕no scarlet here(i.e. in Criseyde's garden), nor blue, nor yellow; but white and lavender and purest purple." (p.188.)

These woods and gardens are more beautiful and fascinating at twilight or in the moonlight. One can cite many examples which seem to support this.

The woods stood dark and motionless in the yellow evening light. (p.29.)

The moon filled his (i.e. Nick Bottom's) mossy cubicle with her untrembling beams, streamed upon blossoms sweet and heavy as Absalom's hair, ... (p.59.)

Deeper moss couched here; unfallen moondrops glistened; mistletoe palely sprouted from the gnarled boughs. (pp.61 - 62.)

Moreover, we are charmed by the world where Henry Brocken is traveling, not only through eyes but also through ears and a nose.

Above us (i.e. Henry and Rosinante) in the twilight invisible larks climbed among the daybeams, singing as they flew. (p.20.)

Presently we (i.e. Henry and Rosinante) were jogging gently down into a deep and misty valley flanked by bracken and pines, from which issued into the crisp air of morning a most delicious aromatic smell, ... (pp.22 - 23.)

I (i.e. Henry) was astonished . . . to hear in June, . . . the thrush sing with a February voice. Here too, almost at my right hand, perched a score or more of robins, bright - eyed, warbling elvishly in chorus . . . . (p.23.)

. . . , Jane had begun to sing: . . . . Jane's was not a rich voice, nor very sweet, and yet I (i.e. Henry) fancied no other voice than this could plead and argue quite so clearly and with such nimble insistency—neither of bird, nor child, nor brook; because, I suppose, it was the voice of Jane Eyre, and all that was Jane's seemed Jane's only. (p.37.)

The faint scent of the earth through the open window; . . . . (p.38.)

And she (i.e. Adèle) . . . chattered like the drops upon a waterfall; and clear as if a tiny bell had jingled I (i.e. Henry) heard her cry. (p.40.)

. . . I (i.e. Henry) heard, far away as it were, the plucking of the strings, and a voice betwixt dream and wake sing: . . . . (p.49.)

. . . , a nightingale burst close against my (i.e. Henry's) ear into so passionate a descant I thought I should be gooseflesh to the end of my days.

The heedless tumult of her song seemed to give courage to sounds and voices much fainter. Soon a lovelit rival in some distant thicket broke into song, and far and near their voices echoed above the elfin din of timbrel and fife and hunting-horn. (p.55.)

Judging from the examples quoted above, de la Mare must have had excellent eyes and ears. In fact, de la Mare's "ears were large, pricked, so it sometimes seemed, to the listening of things which others could not hear. . . . ; the voice soft, but wonderfully resonant, made the most of cadences, ... They (i.e. His eyes)have often been described as birdlike. . . . . They were certainly intense. They missed nothing. They observed all the signs of the changing and returning seasons. A dropped feather, a staring berry, a flake of snow, a clockless snail—these eyes *saw*, and memory and divining imagination retained for ever. They asked questions and often gave the answers to the questions without a word being said. They were eyes that welcomed and rarely knew the darkness of pique or anger. They pinpointed but enfolded at the same time." [10]

It should also be noted that there are indications that Henry Brocken often feels someone hiding somewhere.

Then it was I (i.e. Henry) found that I was not alone in the garden. Two little leaden children stood in an attitude of listening on either side of the carved porch of the palace, and between them a figure that seemed to be watching me intently. (p.65.)

It seems reasonable to suppose that the scenes I have quoted from *Henry Brocken* belong to de la Mare's poetic world. Leonard Clark takes a similar view:

> The whole world is full of echoes, secrets and whisperings, footfalls have no sounds and voices begin suddenly, come from nowhere, and then go back into the silences. No strange being is ever seen, but only heard, or felt to be near at hand. It is as if one was brushed across the face by a hand of fur in the darkness. . . . .
>
> It is a world which, full of fantasy and fun, is yet drenched in moonlight—romantic, brooding, questioning. . . . .
>
> The terrain seems to be an offshoot of a delightfully mad and inconsequential England, with English trees, and the English seasons, lit always by a wandering full moon, washed by great seas, and humming with sighing winds.[11]

The strange and mysterious and moonlit world where Henry Brocken is travelling reminds us of de la Mare's poetic masterpiece, "The Listeners" :

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
  Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
  Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
  Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
  'Is there anybody there?' he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
  No head from the leaf - fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
  Where he stood perplexed and still.

But only a host of phantom listeners
　That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
　To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
　That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
　By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
　Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
　'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
　Louder, and lifted his head: —
'Tell then I came, and no one answered,
　That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
　Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shallowiness of the still house
　From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
　And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
　When the plunging hoofs were gone. [12]

One can safely state that this traveller is a person who has rich imagination such as Henry Brocken and the house whose door is knocked on by him is another world. It is not easy to enter another world; therefore, a host of phantom listeners do not answer him soon. Fortunately, Henry Brocken could go into another world, but usually we can neither go into nor look into other worlds. We either almost

open the door which leads to another world, or only feel a phantom nearby just like the Traveller in the poem.

Henry Brocken is a work which appeals the five senses of human beings, and "the prevailing mood . . . is reverie—languid at times, but ever and again shot through with sudden brilliant lights of imagination." [13] What I have tried to show in this chapter is that de la Mare creates his own poetic world in prose, adopting elements of dream literature from George MacDonald and "the knowledge and the spirit of traditional poetry, nursery rhymes, and the Bible." [14] The poetic world is *Henry Brocken* itself.

II Style

Henry Brocken is a novel written in prose; it evokes, however, a lyrical and poetic world. This has been recognized as the peculiar feature of de la Mare's style and sometimes as a defect, as can be seen, because "the mental worlds of de la Mare's fiction and of his verse are essentially the same, ... The prose is often mannered —too 'poetical,' in fact—and sometimes arch and whimsical." [15] While Thompson, in the *Academy*, praises de la Mare, saying that "his style has poetic richness and grace, a fine command of language," [16] Kenneth Hopkins expresses harsh criticism of his style, as can be seen in the following quotation:

> The style of this early book (i.e. *Henry Brocken*) is consciously archaic—at times rather self - consciously so. It abounds in words not in common use, and yet not exactly uncommon: probably it is the number of them, rather than any of them singly, that makes the prose seem faintly outmoded and only half awake. [17]

Reid's criticism of *Henry Brocken* is rather sympathetic:

> Taken as a whole, the book lacks the freshness, and above all the reality, of

> *Songs of Childhood*. Is it because it is in prose; because at this time Mr. de la Mare's verse style is better than his prose style . . . ? Is it because of its length, or because of its theme? I am inclined to answer 'yes' to all three questions. Certainly *Henry Brocken* is worthy of its place among the author's works, among his juvenilia: it is a genuine first-fruit, his genius is in it, ... It may seem rash to say that the subject does not suit him, for the subject is poetry, yet I cannot help saying so. The subject is poetry, but it is other people's poetry; the moment he has a chance to make his own poetry the whole thing is lifted on to a different plane.[18]

As Hopkins points out, "despite many charming passages, *Henry Brocken* is not a complete success."[19]

We shall now look more carefully into the peculiar feature of de la Mare's style, which is his both strong and weak point. In the first place, his prose is too lyrical and esoteric. Second, each sentence is long; subject-verb inversions are seen everywhere. Third, his writing style is decorative and roundabout. Many similes are seen: 49 as if～, 46 like～, and as ～ as, such～as, -like and so on. On the whole, moreover, to quote Auden, "he never, like Yeats and Eliot uses a coarse or brutal word, and seldom a slang colloquialism."[20]

There is one chapter that even Hopkins praises highly, saying "except for one vivid passage, the whole work drifts like a dream."[21] It is Chapter Ⅷ where Gulliver appears. Losing Rosinante while being swept away by the river, Henry Brocken comes to the country of the Houyhnhnms, where he encounters Lemuel Gulliver, in Chapter Ⅶ. Spending a night at Gulliver's house which appears to be "a vast wooden shed, or barn."(p.83.) In Chapter Ⅷ, Henry Brocken tries to escape from the country of the Houyhnhnms, being guarded by Gulliver's servant, the Yahoo who feels affection for Henry Brocken. But, "the Houyhnhnms pursue with terrible tossing manes and polished hoofs."[22] Then comes this splendid passage, which both Hopkins and Reid acclaim:

It was a long and arduous and unequal contest. . . . .

Far distant in front of us (i.e. Henry and the Yahoo) there appeared to be a break in the level green, a fringe of bushes, rougher ground. For this refuge he was making, and from this our mutinous Houyhnynms meant to keep us.

There was no pausing now, not a glance behind. His every effort was bent on speed. Speed indeed it was. The wind roared in my ears. Yet above its surge I heard the neighing and squealing, the ever - approaching shudder of hoofs. My eyes distorted all they looked on. I seemed now floating twenty feet in air; now skimming within touch of the ground. Now that sorrel squadron behind me swelled and nodded; now dwindled to an extreme minuteness of motion.

Then, of a sudden, a last shrill pæan rose high; the hosts of our pursuers paused, billow - like, reared, and scattered—my poor Yahoo leapt clear.

For an instant once again in this wild journey I was poised, as it were, in space, then fell with a crash, still clutched, sure and whole, to the broad shoulders of my rescuer.

When my first confusion had passed away, I found that I was lying in a dense green glen at the foot of a cliff. For some moments I could think of nothing but my extraordinary escape from destruction. Within reach of my hand lay the creature who had carried me, huddled and motionless; and to left and to right of me, and one a little nearer the base of the cliff, five of the sorrel horses that had been our chief pursuers. . . . .

I myself, though bruised and bleeding, had received no serious injury. But my Yahoo would rise no more. His master was left alone amidst his people. I stooped over him and bathed his brow and cheeks with the water that trickled from the cliffs close at hand. I pushed back the thick strands of matted yellow hair from his eyes. He made no sign. Even while I watched him, the life of the poor beast near at hand welled away: he whinnied softly, and dropped his head upon the bracken. I was alone in the unbroken silence. (pp.100 - 03.)

The fierce fight scene between the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoo excites us as if we

saw it in an action movie. Henry Brocken can escape to another country thanks to the Yahoo's sacrifice—that is to say, his death. It is only this chapter that a main character dies; the Yahoo's death impacts on us. We can feel power, energy and life from the passages above. That's because each sentence is short and is rhythmical; the whole chapter has a quick tempo and is full of energy and power. To borrow Reid's phrase, "these Gulliver chapters—the seventh and eighth—contain by far the finest creative writing in the book. Taken by themselves they make an admirable short story, as human and moving as the rest of the book is remote and dream-burdened. When we reach them it is as if we had come out from an insubstantial lunary world into the full blaze of day." [23]

Other appealing aspects of the Gulliver chapters cannot be considered separately from its main characters — the Yahoo and Gulliver. This is, however, a question to be considered later.

It can not be denied that the writing style of George MacDonald influenced de la Mare. In *Phantastes*, MacDonald uses pertinent epigraphs to head each chapter, which quote some verses and lines from great poets and dramatists such as Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Spenser, Fletcher, Chaucer and Novalis. These epigraphs always offer readers some hints as to the content of each chapter. MacDonald, moreover, introduces some poems of his own into his novels. Walter de la Mare follows MacDonald's lead in the two features of style.

Henry Brocken is a novel which has many elements of poems in its style; thus, it is not be denied that the writing often has poetic and mysterious beauty, but may be marred at times by a decoration that draws attention to the surface and away from the content.

Ⅲ Characters

In *Henry Brocken*, the main characters except the hero Henry Brocken, have been created by de la Mare's predecessors, great poets and novelists such as Shakespeare, Chaucer, Herrick, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Brönte and Poe. In

other words, "de la Mare was pouring new wine into old bottles." [24] Reid doesn't appreciate these characters highly, as can be seen in the following passage:

> . . . much of the book is like a whispering gallery where we listen to the voices of dead poets. . . . . Julia, Dianeme, Electra, Anthea, Nick Bottom, and Lucy Gray, are little more than voices; even Jane Eyre is strangely passive.[25]

I myself have a different view of the quotation above. To be sure, Lucy Gray, who suddenly appears and soon disappears, seems to be a ghost or a phantom; Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester and Nick Bottom, however, are characters faithful to the original.

Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester are characters of marked individuality. Jane remains as stubborn and argumentative as before, although she is now Mrs. Rochester; Mr. Rochester is a little arrogant and irritable. In other words, they are human and attractive. Henry Brocken thinks, "they were strange lovers, these two—like frost upon a cypress tree; yet summer lay all around us." (p.38.) His impression of these two can surely be accepted by devoted readers to *Jane Eyre*.

The two children called 'Sleep' and 'Death' in Chapter XII, who are "running and playing across the tombs," (p.144.) are worthy of attention. They are the twin sons of Night. To borrow McCrosson's phrase, "de la Mare takes the merest hint from Shelley and then creates what amount to completely original characters." [26] To de la Mare, death, sleep, night, dream and time are the important matters he had had a strong interest in all his life; later he commented on them in his anthology, *Behold, This Dreamer!* (1939) Although Death and Sleep are twin brothers and Henry Broken had never seen them before, he could tell one from the other without difficulty:

> I (i.e. Henry) looked at the two children at play, 'Ah! now,' I said, almost involuntarily, 'the golden boy who has caught my horse's bridle in his hand, is not he Sleep? and he who considers his brother's boldness—that one is

Death?'　(pp.145 - 46.)

The two boys' different personalities express de la Mare's view on death and sleep. He is convinced that sleep is "another order of life, and one of an infinite value and efficacy."[27] "He (i.e. Death) is but a child, no older than the sea, no stranger than the mountains, pure and cold as the water - springs" (p.148.); "they (i.e. Death and Sleep) will alter and vary, never the same for long together, but led by indiscoverable caprices and obedient to some further will." (p.146.)

Watching the two boys, Henry Brocken begins to think about himself — his identity, and talks to himself, "But I! —what am I?— a traveller, footsore and far." (p.149.)

It is Chapter IX and X—the Bunyan chapters that both Reid and McCrosson appreciate. There, to add to the original characters of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, some characters the author has invented, gather and discuss "Christian" at the inn named the "World's End." These two kinds of characters are mixed together and it cannot be distinguished who the original character by Bunyan is or who the character created by de la Mare is. The most interesting point is that Christian, the hero of *The Pilgrim's Progress* never appears. We must imagine what kind of person he is—he seems to be rather worldy - minded—from the conversation made at the World's End.

The character the author emphasized most is Reverie. Leaving the inn, Henry Brocken spends two days at Reverie's house; he asks Reverie, who was Christian's friend for a time, who Christian truly was. Feeling"a very keen curiosity to see the way that had lured Christian on with such graceless obstinacy," (p.138.) Henry Brocken leaves for Vanity Fair, which Reverie informed him of. By Reverie's words on parting from Henry Brocken, we can guess de la Mare's idea about time which is one of his strong interests:

"They tell me (i.e. Reverie) in distant lands men worship Time, set up a shrine to him in every street, and treasure his emblem next their hearts.

There, they say, even the lover babbles of hours, and the dreamer measures sleep with a pendulum. Well, my house is secluded, and the world is far; and to me Time is naught. . . . ." (p.141.)

Reverie is the kind of person whose existence transcends time. The reason why "he was a strange visitant to the open day" (p. 142.) is that to de la Mare, reverie is the most active at twilight or at night in the moonlight, because "the imagination bestirs itself in the dark" [28] as "the serpent sloughs its daily skin." [29]

Henry Brocken meets only three girls on his journey—Lucy Gray, Adèle and Annabel Lee. Compared with the other girls, Annabel Lee is a very charming and lively girl, and impresses her words and appearance on our memory. She is playing alone in the sand by the sea. Henry Brocken goes nearer and speaks to her:

I called her from where I stood— 'Annabel Lee!' She lifted her head and shook back her hair, and gazed at me startled and intent. I went nearer.

'You are a very lonely little girl,' I said.

'I am building in the sand,' she answered.

'A castle?'

She shook her head.

'It was in dreams,' she said, flushing darkly.

'What kind of dream was it in then?'

'Oh! I often dream it; and I build it in the sand. But there's never time: the sea comes back.'

'Was the tide quite high when you began?' I asked; for now it was low.

'Just that much from the stones,' she said; 'I waited for it ever so long.'

'It has a long way to come yet,' I said; 'you will finish it *this* time, I dare say.'

She shook her head and lifted her spade.

'Oh no; it is much bigger, more than twice. And I haven't the seaweed, or the

shells, and it comes back very, very quickly.'

. . . , 'I have played here years and years and years, and there are only the gulls and terns and cormorants, and that!' She pointed with her spade towards the broken water. . . . .

I looked at the house of sand and smiled. But she shook her head once more.

'It never *could* be finished,' she said firmly. 'though I tried and tried, unless the sea would keep quite still just once all day, without going to and fro. And then,' she added with a flash of anger— 'then I would not build.' (pp.178 - 80.)

The house of sand which Annabel Lee tries to build but "never *could* be finished" shows the essence of dream, because it is washed away by waves when the tide is quite high, as though one, remembering that he has dreamed, remembered nothing more when he awoke . Annabel Lee herself seems to be a day - dream.

Before meeting her, Henry Brocken's senses fall asleep in a vast lullaby; he lifts his eyes to find the city he is seeking vanished away indeed. Walter de la Mare's Annabel Lee appears to be a phantom; she seems to have nothing to do with the death in Poe's poem. Not only the existence of Annabel Lee but also the sand where she is playing are suggestive of solitude to de la Mare. As Reid puts it, Annabel Lee is more de la Mare's creation than Poe's.

As I mentioned before, the most impressive main characters of all are Gulliver and the Yahoo. Although they are made over by de la Mare, they never elicit antipathy from us. That's why de la Mare fully understands their original personalities and doesn't spoil them. Revelant to this point is Reid's following remarks: "It is most curious how the reaction from Swift's morose pessimism has instilled an energy into the author's imagination, ..." [30]

Gulliver is a misanthrope and eccentric person, while, conversely, his servant the Yahoo is a lovable creature and is very kind to Henry Brocken. Swift's values may be reversed, but critics are united in their belief that Gulliver's chapters are the best of all. In fact, *Gulliver's Travels* was de la Mare's "first rememberable

book," [31] which had made him "the slave of the printed word." [32]

> Among my (i.e. de la Mare's) early—though not my very earliest—recollections is that of a far-away Christmas morning. Whether frost-bound was the air, whether snowflakes were silently drifting across the window, I cannot remember. But I can very easily descry—in a vague spectral fashion can even again become—the small boy of six or seven I then was. He is sitting up in bed, his wits still fringed with dream, and in the folds of his counterpane lie an orange, a red-cheeked apple, a threepenny bit, and a limp stocking that has well served Santa Claus's purpose. It is not, however, the orange or the apple or the threepenny bit that incarnadines the occasion, but a Book: a limp, broad picture-book, printed in bold type, with half a dozen or so full-page plates in the primary colours—Gulliver, pinned down by lank strands of his hair and being dragged along by a team of cart-horses, ...
> *Gulliver's Travels*, then, was that small boy's first rememberable book. In that minute the most insidious of life's habits had taken this innocent in its nets; the ichor of fantasy had begun to thin his blood. He had become—and will probably remain to his last hour—the slave of the printed word.[33]

Ⅳ Henry Brocken and Journey

The most outstanding character is generally supposed to be the hero of the novel; the hero of this novel, Henry Brocken is, however, not a conspicuous person. Critics have expressed different interpretations and questions on Henry Brocken, but to them, de la Mare had never given his definite answers. Is Henry Brocken a man or a boy? Is he a human being or a ghost? Or a shadow? Anyway, Henry Brocken is less real than the characters of other authors in this novel.

Mégroz says Henry Brocken is "the all-seeing ghost" [34] ; Reid remarks "Henry Brocken, the young bookworm, is far less real to us than his old mare

Rosinante." [35] He goes to say: "Henry remains a phantom of the same consistency as the ghosts he encounters. We do not even know whether he is man or boy. When we try to look at him we see no more than the mirrored image of the country he is riding through, or of its inhabitants, and these images themselves are subdued, softened, by the perpetual twilight floating in his soul." [36]

That Henry Brocken looks like a vague phantom is probably connected with his name, Brocken; Europeans must remember 'the spectre of the Brocken' as soon as they hear the name. Here is a passage about the Brocken quoted from *The New Encyclopædia Britannica*:

> When the sun is low, shadows cast from the peak become magnified and gigantic silhouettes are cast on the upper surfaces of low-lying clouds or fog below the mountain. This effect is known as the spectre of the Brocken, or the Brocken bow, and it is given a mystical significance in the mountain's folklore.[37]

Judging from the above, Henry Brocken can be considered as a kind of shadow. If he is a mere shadow, that is to say, "a projection of the author's mind," [38] he is projected on the wall behind the main characters of other authors. In other words, other main characters are clearly reflected in our eyes, owing to his function as a shadow or a projection. There is a passage at the end of the story, where Henry Brocken recognized himself as a mere shadow:

> I glanced into the water and saw my own fantastic image beneath the reflected gloom of cypresses, and knew at least, though I a shadow might be, this also was an island in a sea of shadows. (p.185.)

The passage above means that Henry Brocken is only a guide and that he is a shadow cast on by the light the main characters of other authors emit.

Next, we shall discuss the question of whether Henry Brocken is a man or a boy

in detail. Let us consider the following remarks by Thompson:

> Henry Brocken sets out, a child, to seek in the flesh and in some strange land his darling creatures of fiction. Of course he promptly finds them, and grows to manhood in his journey. But the idea of childhood is not kept for a page; he talks and acts as a man in his first encounter.[39]

It is difficult to decide whether Henry Brocken is a man or a child; we cannot always insist that he is a man, because his speech and action are childish at times, while we cannot always insist that he is a boy, because his words and behavior are sometimes grown-up. Therefore, it is impossible to deduce how old he is; the following passages, however, serve as important hints as to his age:

> 'Is this (i.e. Henry Brocken) the gentleman, Jane?' he (i.e. Mr.Rochester) inquired.
>
> 'Yes, sir.'
>
> 'He's young!' he muttered.
>
> 'For otherwise he would not be here,' she replied. (p.28.)

> 'Well, sir,' Mr. Rochester said suddenly, 'I am bidden invite you to pass the night here. There are stranger inhabitants than Mr. and Mrs. Rochester in these regions you have by some means strayed into—wilder denizens, by much: for youth's seraphic finding. Not for mine, sir, I vow. . . . .' (p.29.)

> 'There's not a poet in his teens but warbles of you morn, noon, and night,' I (i.e. Henry Brocken) answered. 'There's not a lover mad, young, true, and tender, ...'
>
> 'Boys perhaps,' cried Julia softly, 'but *men* soon forget.'
>
> 'Youth never,' I replied. (p.46.)

It is certain that Henry was a child in his uncle's library before starting his journey. When he encountered Jane Rochester, he went directly to the heart of Jane as a child does so. Henry Brocken, guarded by his poor Yahoo, looked like a young child protected by the parent. While talking with Herrick's ladies, Dianeme, Electra and Julia, he seemed to an innocent boy who strained to join in adult conversation. Henry Brocken, who could not join in a lively discussion on Christian at the World's End, appeared to be a child — frank and pure. When he met two boys named Death and Sleep and their mother Night, we can see two sides to Henry at the same time. He has a childlike imagination when he is never afraid of death; he is a man when he tells of death and sleep and talks to himself about his own identity.

At the last chapter, talking with Criseyde, a mature woman, Henry makes on us an impression that he is approaching his youth. That is implied by Criseyde's words telling Henry: ". . . men are merely angry boys with beards; . . . ." (p.191.) To Criseyde, who asks, "You have voyaged far?" (p.190.) Henry Brocken replies, "From childhood to this side regret." (p.190.) Probably "this side" means the world of adults Criseyde belongs to; she has been waiting eagerly for a hero to show up. For a brief moment she tries to entrust Henry Brocken with herself, but she refuses his offer, namely, riding on a little boat he prepares for her. Criseyde realizes that Henry, who is growing up, is still a child, and that he is captivated by her wisdom and matureness; therefore, she warns him not to lose his pure world of childhood, because it is the spiritual death of his imagination to do so. To Henry Brocken, Criseyde is a symbol of the unknown and attractive and somewhat dangerous world of adults.

Travelling, Henry has been growing to manhood little by little—is Henry Brocken young de la Mare himself, who developed mentally from his experience in reading? To put it another way, we can regard Henry Brocken as an allegory of the development of the mind. Given that Henry Brocken has grown to, or has arrived at boyhood, having left childhood, we can explain why Rosinante, his support disappears on the way. We are convinced the story is written in the form

of travelling in order to describe the mental development of one person. Then he needs no maps, no charts, and no compasses; he sees no signposts. The path he goes along and the stream or waves which lead him to the regions of the imagination. De la Mare says that there are two kinds or types of imagination:

> . . . the imagination that not merely invents, but that creates, and pierces to the inmost spirit and being of life, humanity and nature. This poetical imagination also is of two distinct kinds or types. The one divines, the other discovers. The one is intuitive, inductive; the other logical, deductive. The one visionary, the other intellectual. The one knows that beauty is truth, the other proves that truth is beauty. And the poet inherits, as it seems to me, the one kind from the child in him, the other from the boy in him. . . . . The intellectual imagination, . . . , flourishes on knowledge and experience.[40]

It will be clear from this extract is that Henry Brocken's journey traces the growth of imagination in his childhood—the visionary imagination changes into the intellectual imagination.

I agree with McCrosson in thinking that "*Henry Brocken* is more than a fantasy about a bookish child given to dreaming." [41] Although some people consider *Henry Brocken* as a fantasy only for children because of its supernatural atmosphere or well-known characters such as Gulliver and Sleeping Beauty, it is never a fantasy which is an escape from reality. Walter de la Mare explores the creative imagination, searching for reality in the mind; to him, imagination is a path to reality. That is expressed best by McCrosson when she says: ". . . he (i.e. de la Mare) was on the side of the reality of the imaginative world . . . ." [42] This view is confirmed by de la Mare's own remarks: "Don't you think that the essential truth for each one of us is in our individual imagination?" [43]

Since the pursuit of reality or truth is not considered separately from imagination in de la Mare's works, one can safely state that "the book (i.e. *Henry Brocken*) reflects the deep-thoughted observation of the author," [44] and that Henry

Brocken is "a perspicacious observer."(p.34.) And the"perspicacious observation" as well as imagination is one of the important elements in de la Mare's works. "Sleeping Beauty" (Chapter Ⅵ) serves as evidence of that. Although everyone is sleeping deeply, only one person—Prince Ennui—has been waiting for a prince who could clear up the curse put upon his sister, Sleeping Beauty. The prince, however, has not appeared yet. Prince Ennui never sleeps and is never hungry. His existence makes us feel an unspeakable loneliness and the harsh realities. The solitary prince, with the "unmoved, sad, mad, pale face" (p.70.) is far from being lively and cheerful. It is the "enchanted household" (p.72.) that gives a great shock to us. There, time—100 years—reveals the ugly realities although it is the world of a fairy tale:

> Here they reclined just as sorcerous sleep had overtaken them. But how dimmed, how fallen! For Time that could not change the sleeper had changed with quiet skill all else. Tarnished, dusty, withered, overtaken, yellowed and confounded lay banquet and cloth - of - gold, flagon, cup, fine linen, table, and stool. (pp.72 - 73.)

The scene above is so realistic that we cannot help turning our eyes away from it. Henry Brocken unconsciously cries, "when will that laggard burst through this agelong silence? Here's dust enough for all to see. And all this ruin, this inhospitable peace!" (p.76.) Not only the castle but also Prince Ennui himself give off an ominous silence and mysterious atmosphere. "When . . . it must be nearing dawn," (p.77.) Henry Brocken "very cautiously climb〔s〕out of〔his〕narrow window and descend〔s〕slowly to the lawns beneath" (p.77.) and runs away; he jumps into the river and is washed away by its stream. This chapter is very realistic and grotesque fantasy.

Conclusion

> Walter de la Mare lived a life of personal relationships and private reflection; . . . . He was always reluctant to give information about himself; there are few facts for the biographer, and indeed no biography has been written.[45]

What is immediately apparent in this extract is that de la Mare's life is private; in *Henry Brocken*, however, de la Mare himself appears and disappears as follows:

> And it was there, in that cold, bright chamber, one snowy twilight, first suddenly awoke in me (i.e. Henry Brocken) an imperative desire for distant lands.
>
> Even while little else than a child I had begun to cast my mind to travel. I doubt if ever Columbus suffered such vexation from an itch to be gone. (p.17.)

"An imperative desire for distant lands" let de la Mare make a fantastic world in his works; to him, "distant lands" does not mean foreign countries, but means another world only inner eyes can see and only inner ears can hear.

The phrase"I set out on a journey that has not yet come to an end"(p.18.) suggests some important statements on de la Mare and *Henry Brocken*. The phrase implies that de la Mare's creative activity, namely, writing has just begun and that it will last until he dies, because *Henry Brocken*, which appeared in 1904, is his first novel as I mentioned in the Introduction. "And in 1908, with few prospects, but with high hopes and a belief that he could live by writing what *he* wanted to write, he left the oil company for good and became a full - time author."[46] The phrase"I set out . . ." also implies that Henry Brocken's journey is endless. After reading, we feel the story is not concluded. Hopkins remarks, "*Henry Brocken* is full of detached beauties, but it is too inconclusive as a whole."[47] Reid states, "*Henry Brocken* is

a strange book, and not the least strange thing about it is that one's impression of it never seems to be final." [48] I myself do not share these views, because "Henry Brocken's travels are to no such goal." [49] Creative writing is compared to a boat drifting on the sea, from where neither shore nor island can be seen. If *Henry Brocken* ends with trite words, the following ending will be read:

> . . . , and at first cock - crow all will dissolve and melt away; Henry Brocken will awaken and find himself back in his library—will blow out his candle and climb, a little stiffly and with a faint chill in his blood, up the dark staircase to bed.[50]

If the story has the ending above, Henry Brocken's journey is a mere trifling dream. It's difficult to judge whether Henry Brocken's journey is a dream or a reality; the boundary between dream and reality is not distinct.

The ending which has not reached a conclusion characterizes de la Mare's works; it is generally agreed that the characteristic is connected with Henry James' 'the process of adumbration.' Thus, the story of *Henry Brocken* ends with puzzles unsolved. This technique is often used in de la Mare's later works; it would be better to say that the technique started in *Henry Brocken*. To de la Mare, the adumbration is the result of searching for the clear as follows:

> I (i.e. Henry Brocken) think half my youthful days passed in that low, book - walled chamber. . . . ; and the small studious thumbmarks that paced, as if my footprints, leaf by leaf of that long journey, might be the history of life's experience in little—from clearer, to clear, to faint—how very faint at last! (p.16.)

All these things make it clear none of de la Mare's works can be judged or understood a first or even a second reading, and *Henry Brocken* deserves attention of many readings.

《 Notes 》

1. Leonard Clark, "Walter de la Mare," *Three Bodley Head Monographs*, ed., Kathleen Lines, (London: The Bodley Head Ltd., 1960) p.116.
2. Walter de la Mare, *Henry Brocken: His Travels and Adventures in the Rich, Strange, Scarce - Imaginable Regions of Romance* (London: Faber and Faber Ltd., 1942) p. 15. Subsequent quotations from this same book will be referred to by page number only in the main body of the text.
3. Forrest Reid, *Walter de la Mare: A Critical Study* (London: Faber and Faber Ltd., 1929) p.58.
4. George MacDonald, *Lilith: A Romance* (Michigan: Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 1981) p.11.
5. *Ibid.*, p.13.
6. *Ibid.*
7. W. H. Auden, "Introduction," *A Choice of de la Mare's Verse*, selected by W. H. Auden (London: Faber and Faber Ltd., 1963) p.19.
8. *Ibid.*, p.21.
9. Reid, p.65.
10. Clark, p.124.
11. *Ibid.*, pp.135 - 39.
12. Walter de la Mare, "The Listeners," *Collected Rhymes and Verses* (London: Faber and Faber Ltd., 1975) pp.154 - 55.
13. Reid, p.65.
14. Clark, p.134.
15. Michael Kirkham, "Walter de la Mare," *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, Vol.19. Ed. Donald E. Stanford (Detroit: Gale Research Inc., 1983) p.111.
16. Francis Thompson quoted in R. L. Mégroz, *Walter de la Mare: A Biographical and Critical Study* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924) p.67.
17. Kenneth Hopkins, *Walter de la Mare*, Writers and Their Work Series, No.36 (London, Longmans, Green and Co., 1969) p.7.

18. Reid, pp.56 - 57.
19. Hopkins, p.6.
20. Auden, p.16.
21. Hopkins, p.7.
22. *Ibid.*
23. Reid, pp.58 - 59.
24. Doris Ross McCrosson, *Walter de la Mare* (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1966) p.84.
25. Reid, pp.57 - 58.
26. McCrosson, p.85.
27. Walter de la Mare, ed., with commentary, *Behold, This Dreamer!* (New York: Greenwood Press, 1969) p.41.
28. *Ibid.*, p.21.
29. *Ibid.*
30. Reid, p.59.
31. Walter de la Mare, *Books and Reading*(1919), quoted in Reid's *Walter de la Mare*, p.12.
32. *Ibid.*
33. *Ibid.*, pp.11 - 12.
34. Mégroz, p.268.
35. Reid, p.57.
36. *Ibid.*, pp.57 - 58.
37. "Brocken," *The New Encyclopædia Britannica*, 15th ed., Vol.2 (Chicago, Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., 1988) p.538.
    Walter de la Mare refers to this phenomenon in his novel, *The Return*(1910):
    "What, with the least impetus, can one not see by moonlight? The howl of a dog turns the midnight into a Brocken; the branch of a tree stoops out at you like Beelzebub crusted with gadflies." (*The Return*, London: Arno Press Inc., 1976, p.213.)
38. McCrosson, p.92.

39. Thopmson quoted in Mégroz, p.66.
40. Walter de la Mare, *Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination: A Lecture* (New York: Haskell House Publishers Ltd., 1972) pp.12 - 13.
41. McCrosson, p.82.
42. *Ibid.*, p.93.
43. Mégroz, p.4.
44. *Ibid.*, p.71.
45. Kirkham, p.111.
46. Clark, p.123.
47. Hopkins, p.8.
48. Reid, p.64.
49. McCrosson, p.80.
50. Reid, pp.65 - 66.